

Jack Lockwill at Rocklake

BY GILBERT PATTEN.



Under the tutelage of Judge, Jack developed into a distinctly unusual athlete as the years passed. At 12 he was a clever boxer and a surprisingly fleet runner. A fencing master taught him skill and grace with the foils. He could ride a horse like a cowboy. Riding alone in the park one day, he saw two footpads holding up a middle-aged gentleman on a path that was partly screened by bushes.



Jack reined his horse round and charged through the bushes. Striking with his riding crop, he snapped the pistol out of the hand of one ruffian. They fled, and Jack pursued them until they separated and escaped. Then he rode back to the gentleman he had rescued. 26



"You are a brave boy," said the gentleman. "What's your name, and where do you live?" Jack told him. "My name is Henry Darmon," stated the gentleman, "and I'm a poor man. If those scoundrels had succeeded in robbing me they would have got less than a dollar. But I won't forget you, Jack."



When Jack reached the age of 16, his mother consented on the advice of Brick Judge to send him to Rocklake Academy. Reaching the school, Jack had to run the gauntlet of inspection, and among the faces of the boys who were grinning at him he beheld one which he recognized instantly, though he hadn't seen it for a long, long while. The fellow was the red-headed bully he had fought when he was 6 years old. 26

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Something as hot as a flame leaped through Jack's blood as he beheld his hated enemy among the students at Rocklake Academy. His first impulse was to leap at the fellow and fight him again on the spot. But Brick Judge, in the years of his guardianship and tutelage of Jack, had taught him to restrain and control his hot spirit, and he held himself in check. The other boy stepped out of the line and confronted him.

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"Where's your manners, fellow?" demanded the red-headed chap. "Take off your hat!" There was no sign of recognition on his coarse face, for Jack had changed greatly. "Excuse me, your lordship," said Jack, dropping his heavy suitcase upon the other boy's toes.



The bully hopped into the air and grabbed one of his feet with both hands. Jack removed his hat. "I beg a thousand pardons, your royal highness!" he cried in apparent dismay. "I didn't notice the size of your feet." The witnesses couldn't keep from laughing.



The red-headed fellow was infuriated. His anger was so great that he would have struck Jack if several of the others hadn't interfered and kept him from doing so. A dignified boy, familiarly known to the students as "the Grand Vizier," faced Jack, wearing an expression of sternness and accusation. "You may not be aware," he said, "that you have committed a serious offense, little short of a crime."

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Jack Lockwill Back at Rocklake

By GILBERT PATTEN
(Creator of Frank Merriwell)



Jack hoped to catch an express that would take him to Midhaven, twenty miles from Rocklake; but the train was pulling out as he reached the station, with Dynamite already in a lather. A boy, about Jack's age, was mounting a motorcycle. "What'll you take, cash, for that machine?" asked Lockwill. "Won't sell," was the answer, "but I'll trade for your pony."



For Jack to part with his pony was like losing an eye, but he was desperate. "Good-by, Dynamite, old pal!" he said chokingly. He mounted the motorcycle.



Within ten minutes, a policeman was calling up places along the road Jack had taken. "Arrest boy on Redman motorcycle," he was saying. "It's a stolen machine."



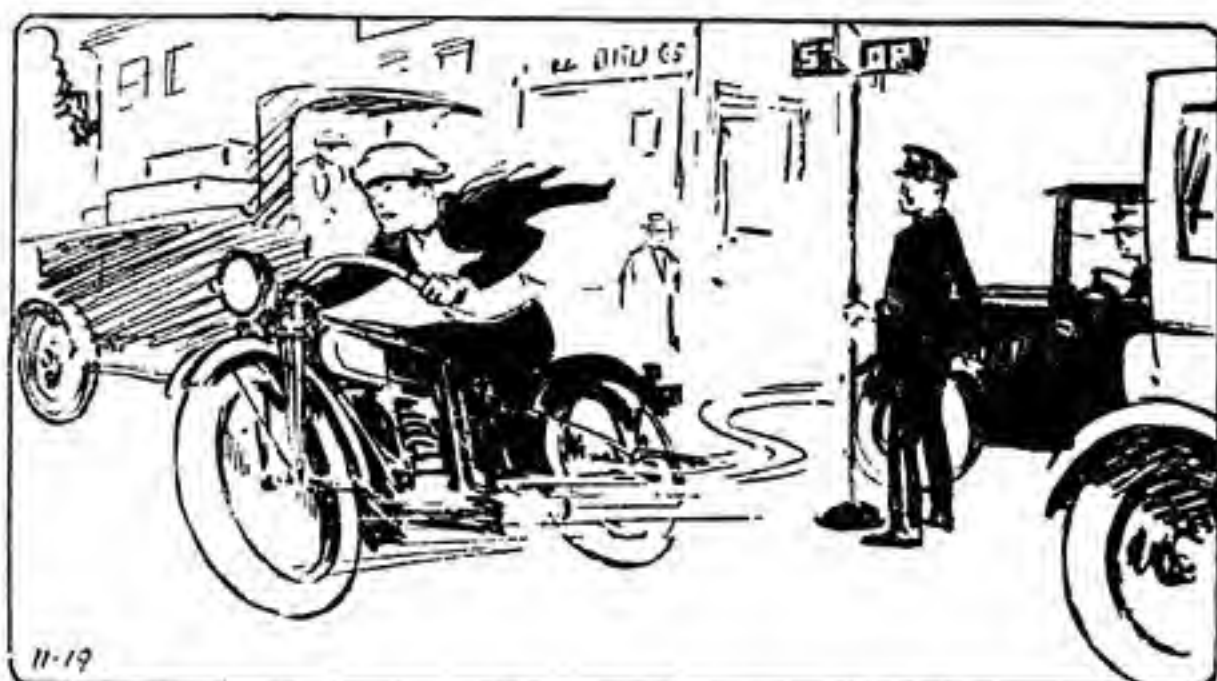
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Lockwill's heart was full of confidence as he sped over the state highway at better than a mile a minute. He now felt sure of getting back to Rocklake in time to participate in the football game and confound the perpetrators of the shabby trick. Slowing down for safety, he entered a country town. Before him, in the middle of the street, stood an officer.

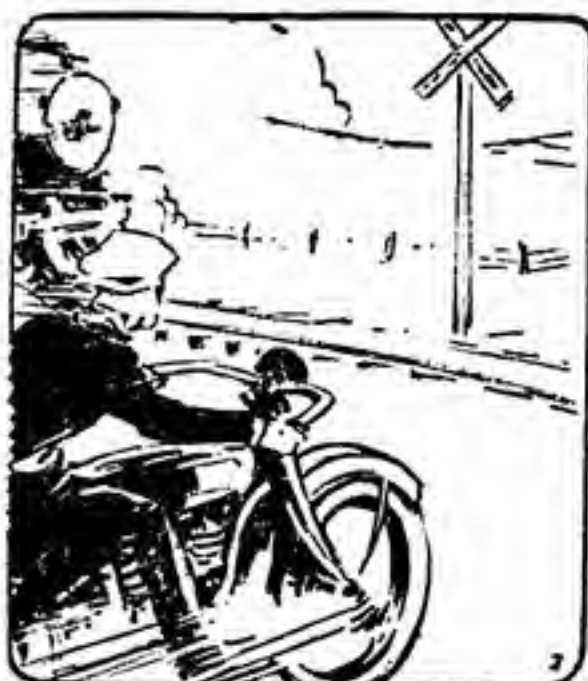
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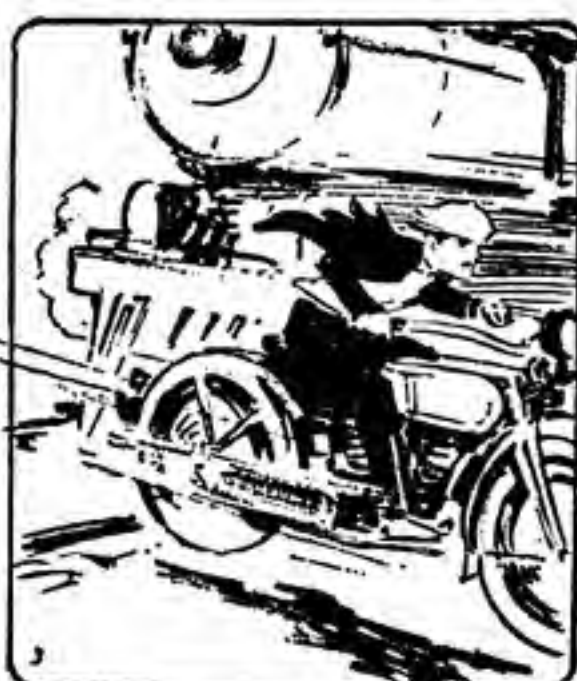
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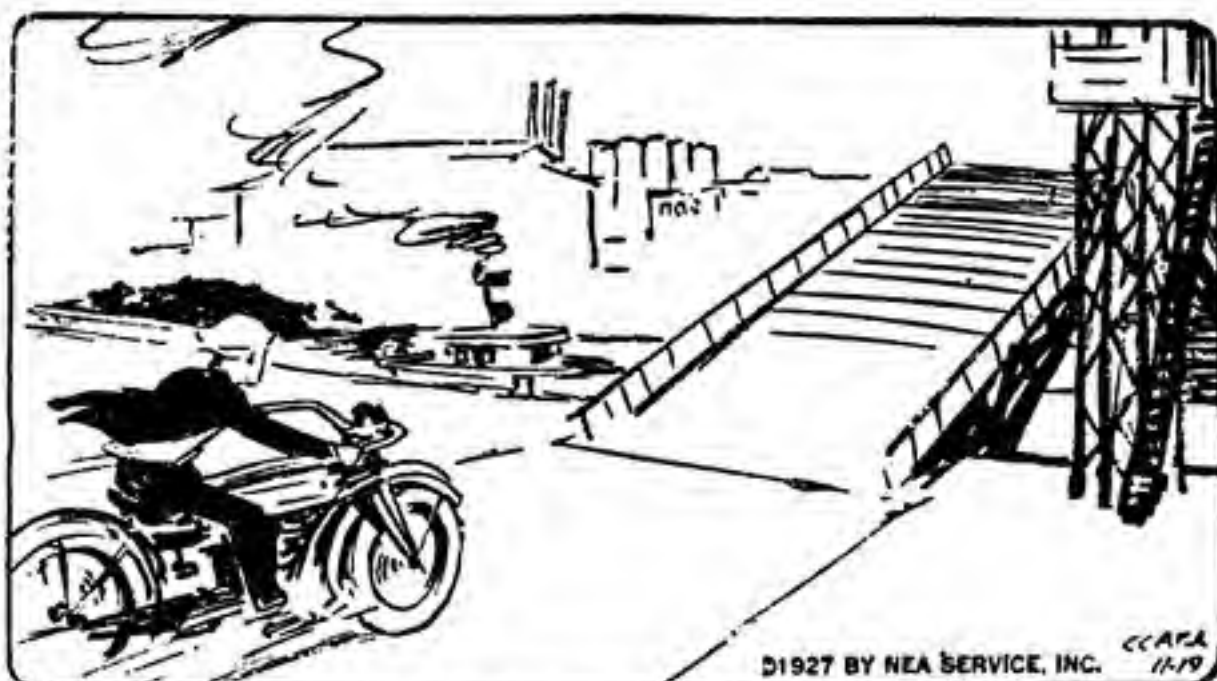
The officer had put up a hand for the boy to stop, and Jack was momentarily dismayed. He had no suspicion that he was riding a stolen machine, but he decided instantly that he must permit nothing to delay him. So he gave the motorcycle the juice again, and shot past the representative of the law. Through the town he tore, disregarding traffic signals.



"Now they'll pinch me for speeding if they catch me," he thought; "but they've got to go some to catch me." Before him, he saw a railroad crossing. A train was coming!



Jack was too near the crossing to stop had he wanted to do so. Over the crossing he flew, his heart in his mouth. He beat the locomotive by less than a yard.



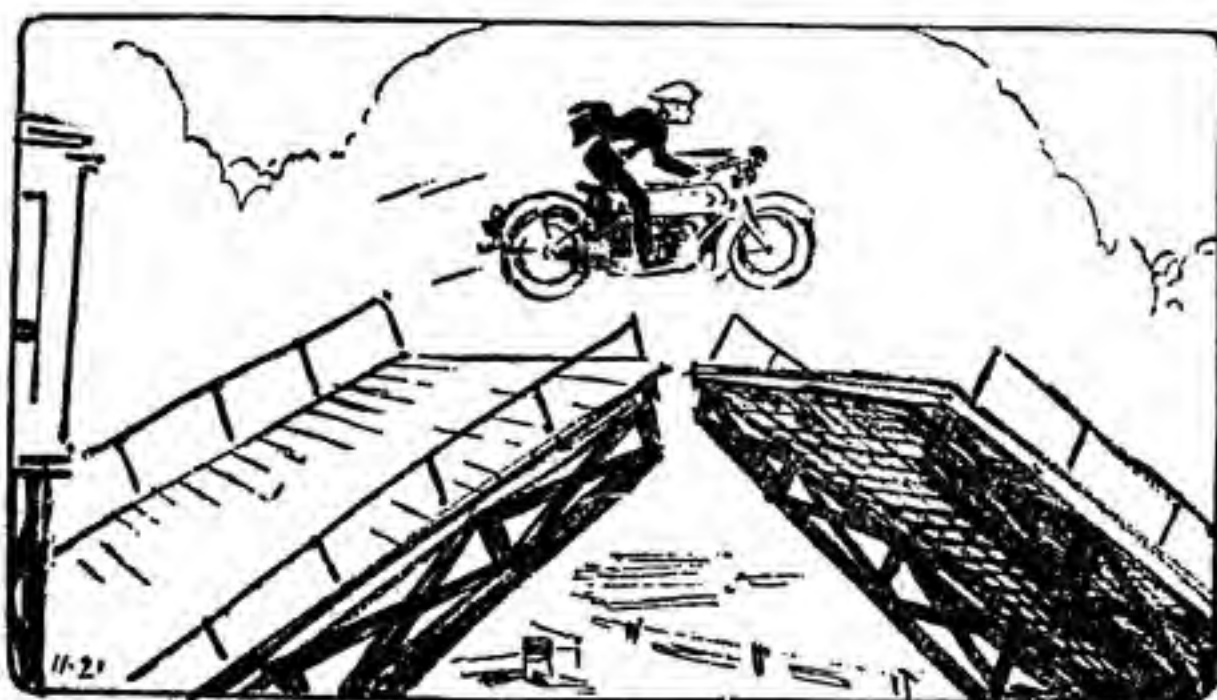
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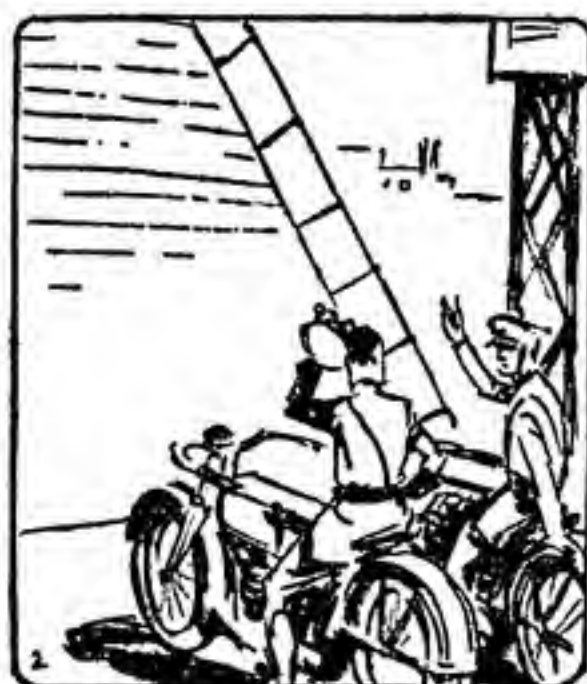
"Some fools have luck!" the reckless boy told himself. "Hargon made a fool of me, and I've got to even the score with him." The barking motorcycle ate up the miles. Taking a sweeping curve, Jack looked back and saw two motorcycle cops in hot pursuit. Ahead was a river, with a town beyond it. A drawbridge over the river was opening to let a coal barge through. (To Be Continued)

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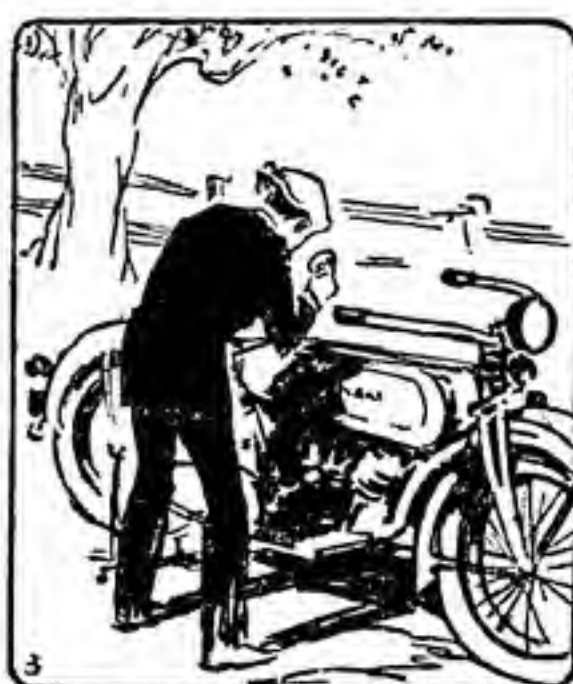
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Lockwill had already decided that there was not one chance in a thousand for him to get through to Rocklake over the state highways. Those roads would be nested with traps. But now, as he saw the leaves of the drawbridge rising and opening before him, he did not stop. Up one of the inclined leaves he flew. Out over the yawning gap leaped the motorcycle!



The pursuing motorcops were amazed to see the daring boy sail over the opening and come down, still on his machine. He sped away again. The officers stopped quickly.



Avoiding the main thoroughfares of the town, Jack went through the outskirts. Beyond, he took a country "dirt-road." Ten miles further on, his gas ran out.



CLARK
11-21

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A young man was tinkering over an airplane in an open field. "In trouble?" asked Jack, hurrying up. "I've got it fixed now," answered the aviator, his manner suspicious. Jack told his own troubles. "Give my propeller a turn to start her, and I'll land you at Rocklake," proposed the airman. The plane rose, three minutes later, with the boy aboard.
(To Be Continued)